

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Chinese Government has taken strong measures to put a stop to the growth of opium in Siam King; in some instances the crops have been purposely destroyed.

In Paris they make artificial ears. They are good for everything but hearing, and a blessing to the wearer, who is thus enabled to "turn a deaf ear" to duns, slanders and appeals for charity.

The tunnel under the English Channel has been finished to a point a quarter from the French shore, and the engineers say they can advance 132 feet a day. At this rate the tunnel could be completed in a year and a half.

The anaplas, a viviparous fish of the sea, has a singular eye. It is divided horizontally into two hemispheres by a membranous band. Each half is a perfect organ of vision. The two upper halves are long-sighted, and the two lower ones near-sighted.

Two ladies of Rome, the last descendants of Aemilia Vespasiana, who gave the name of America to the Western hemisphere, have now begun the pension of ten crowns per month, which was assigned to their family by the Republic of Florence in 1690 to be restored to them.

Prince Gortschakoff's diplomatic career extended over the reigns of four Czars, Nicholas and the three Alexanders. His life extended over the reigns of six. The tremendous Catherine I. was Empress when he was born. He saw five Romanoffs and their great-grandchildren, Catherine, on the throne of Russia during his eventful lifetime.

A drift-master at the Naval Academy was a determined stutterm. One day he was drilling a squad of cadets who were marching toward the Severn. As they neared the sea wall the Lieutenant attempted to halt them. The word "halt" was given, but they didn't go overboard. — *London Times.*

A startling plot for a three-volume novel has just come to light in England. Early last summer a woman named Eliza Ebbon disappeared. A dead body was found, identified by friends, and a man named Stratton tried and sentenced for the murder. His reason given was, "he was subsequently reprieved and sent to Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, and now Eliza Ebbon is discovered alive and well."

A glover's apprentice at Prague, about eighteen years of age, hanged himself the other day, and left behind him a letter to his parents stating that he had been selected by a secret society to take the life of one of the chief officers of the police of the city—Police Director Steipka—and that he had committed suicide in order to evade the performance of this task. If he had not carried out the behests of the secret organization, the writer added, he would himself have been assassinated by his colleagues.

The census returns of India show an aggregate of over 3,000 professional ascetics in the north-west provinces and Oudh. There are 1,100 ascetics, 3,000 ballad singers, 140 cures by incantation, thirty-three gamblers, ninety-seven snake-charmers, fifty matchmakers, four poets, 10,000 singers and dancers, four story tellers, seven thieves (not including persons returned as household servants), and some professionals whose ancestors were probably among the Catilinarian retinues. Three classes of persons are worth a separate numerical quotation. There are over 7,500,000 cultivators of the soil. The landholders number nearly 10,000. The number of money-lenders is nearly 40,000.

## Chinese Lottery.

"Son, Boy," or Chinese Lottery, is the most complicated of all games of chance. New values are given to the drawings. Each prize depends upon certain mathematical calculations, in some cases becoming nearly an hour in computation. The players seat themselves at a table on which are finely pointed bamboo brushes called pens, dishes of black and red Chinese ink and piles of square paper, stamped in Chinese characters. The lottery ticket is a piece of brown paper, six inches square. The paper is divided into four equal parts by a central line. On the upper half of the paper are four lateral rows of characters, of ten each, or forty in all, and the lowest half has a like number and arrangement, making eighty characters in all. These characters are hieroglyphics, representing names of eighty Chinese ladies of historical renown—the Elizabeths, Catharines and Joan d'Arcs of Chinese history. These slips of paper are sent out to the lottery agencies. The game consists in hitting upon a certain combination of numbers, the same may be, or be not, in consideration of \$1.25 paid, to purchase and mark a ticket. The marking consists in spotting out with the black ink ten of the characters in whatever place or position the player may choose, either on one line, in a cluster, or scattering. Then the agent with owl-like gravity, spots out a duplicate ticket, marks your name and the price you pay upon the side of the ticket in Chinese characters, and invites the player to call around next day and see what fortune may have favored him with. Drawings take place at midnight. In New York there are two great companies, each with a capital of about \$50,000. They are called the Wing Hing and Hong Sing Companies. Wing Hing has the most patrons, although many players play both tickets indifferently. White men play Wing Hing almost exclusively.

The midnight hour having arrived, the agents congregate at the company's office with books containing fac-similes of the day's drawings. The bookseller settles with the agents, paying them their commissions. Then a gong rings, and the agents, together with the president and officers of the company, repair to the place set apart for the drawing. No one save the officers and agents are ever permitted to view the drawings. The writer never met a white man, even among the detectives in San Francisco, who claimed to have witnessed one of these drawings. The process of drawing is prefaced with mysterious religious exercises to propitiate the presiding gods. Then the

President, blindfolded, inserts his hand to the elbow in a large jar and draws forth a little stick, upon which is painted one of the characters found upon the tickets. The name is called out, and all the agents write the characters upon slips. There are eighty of these "Son Toy" sticks, corresponding to the number and names of the characters upon the tickets. Twenty in all are drawn out by the President and recorded. Then the sticks are thrown back and shaken up for the next night's drawings. The names drawn are then spotted out in red ink upon tickets by the agents. The lottery officers eagerly scan the tickets sold to ascertain if they have met with heavy losses. If an unusually heavy series of losses is discovered, the company at once discards its untrustworthy patron deity, and selects another. If the losses are light or nominal, the President sets out baked meats and comfits for the patrons' edification, and hangs up congratulatory prayers.

In the morning the players compare their tickets. If they have caught five out of the twenty spots they receive two dollars; if six spots, they are paid twenty dollars; if seven, \$140. Eight spots, which are very rarely caught, reap a golden harvest for the lucky gambler, for he collects \$600, and nine and ten spots, which have on rare occasions been drawn, but never in New York, pay \$2,400 and \$15,000. These are what are called "white men's" tickets, because white men play them exclusively. Players may buy half, quarter and even one-tenth tickets, and the latter fifteen cents is charged, and but one-thirtieth part of the prize is paid. In this city hundreds of white men play at Chinese fairs. For the most part they are the poor Italians who live in the vicinity, but many men, and even women, who employ Chinese laundresses, deal in lottery; the Chinaman purchasing the tickets and collecting the prizes. In fact, many of the wash houses are branch agencies.

The mania for playing at Chinese lottery is spreading, and there is no reason why it should not get as firm a hold upon white people here as in San Francisco. There thousands play at the game. Three hundred lottery agencies are scattered over the town. They usually make a street of selling agents. Elegantly dressed gentlemen may be seen to doze into the doorways where the agency is located. The Chinese house servant is an almost universal institution, and he never misses his opportunity to introduce to his mistress the mysteries of the game. The lady will invest a dime or two bits in a ticket, just for the novelty, and if she wins a small prize keep on playing from day to day or week to week, until she draws a large prize. In that event she looks for another servant, for John has failed to come back with the winning. One lottery agency near the Palace Hotel does a large business with the ladies, many of the tickets going direct into the hotel. The police make constant efforts to break up the games, but as fast as they raid one shop another opens, and the law has been interpreted to exempt visitors at the dens. As the main offices of the companies move weekly and are located with great secrecy, the chief clerks can not be caught. The company always pays the agent's fine. There are seven great companies in San Francisco, with an aggregated capital of several millions. The greatest is the Fook Ti Company.

In this city, as in San Francisco, the Chinese themselves play at what they call the "high-low" game, in which the prize is not a set figure, but varies with the combinations. Many more spots are marked out than in the white man's game, and the player may pay as high as \$500 for one ticket. Enormous prizes are sometimes drawn at this "high-low" lottery. Lucky combinations have been known to break the bank. The largest winning ever made in this city was about one month ago, when Wing Hing paid a Chinaman over \$7,000 on a \$250 "high-low" ticket. The largest drawing made by a white man was made by an Italian, who struck eight spots, drew \$600, and went upon a glorious spree in celebration of the event. When he sobered up he found that he had been robbed of all his money. The game becomes rapidly popular because it does not expose the votary to any danger of disgrace, for an accommodating Chinaman may always be found who is willing for a small consideration to act as messenger between the agency and the player. The investment is small, the drawings rapid. The companies are scrupulously honest in the dealings with their patrons, and although agents sometimes swindle green players, the man who is willing to brave the loathsome surroundings and disgusting odors of a Chinese gambling den will generally obtain his prize. Any laundress who knows that his customer is not in collusion with the police will introduce him to the game; and therein lies the danger. — *N. Y. Sun.*

The entire problem of aerial navigation has been solved by a man in Buffalo. He has devised a something which looks like an ordinary steamer yacht, with impermeable wings or outriggers, with it he will circumnavigate the globe and penetrate the heretofore impenetrable straits of the upper air. Steam is to be the motor when the invention shall have proved a success. For experimental purposes, however, he is constructing a smaller air-craft that will be operated by man power. Ten men will be necessary to "punch the breeze" for this experimental craft, but those ten men have not yet been found. After they shall have been recruited more will be known about the experiment. — *Buffalo N. Y. Express.*

Mrs. Abigail Jones died at Troy, and her brother, George Porter, of Washington County, N. Y., hearing that a chap calling himself Morris M. Porter and claiming to be a brother of the deceased lady had taken charge of her property, rushed to Troy to prosecute the impostor. Looking the scoundrel up, he held an interview with him and discovered that he was indeed a brother—one whom he hadn't seen for twenty-five years and had forgotten all about. — *Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

A Cleveland young man came to grief when he attempted a flirtation in a street car with the wife of a fireman. The woman was accompanied by her husband, who noticed the impudent attempt and resented the insult by thrashing the heart-crusher then and there. — *Chicago Herald.*

## Medicine for Infants.

In former essays we have said very little regarding medicine to infants. They very rarely need it, when they are properly fed, clothed, have fresh air and are well protected against the extremes of heat and cold, they need but very little; that may do them harm as well as good. Paregoric may diminish pain, but then it also checks the secretions of the various glands and lessens the free circulation of the blood. It is always wise to seek the advice of a medical attendant. If it can not be obtained, adapt the food to the condition of the child. Costiveness or looseness can nearly always be cured by the food it takes. Medicine is rarely needed. Still some mothers, living in a sparsely settled section of our country, where a physician can not easily be obtained, should have some notion of what they may safely do, when no physician can be seasonably obtained, or can not be obtained at all. In cases of emergency, or cases that require medical attention at once, a very limited knowledge of the influence of a few remedies or of some simple treatment may be valuable by way of removing pain and saving life. A little knowledge is not always a dangerous thing.

Membranous croup and convulsions require immediate attention. They are often cured by a hot blanket bath. Convulsions are nearly always in this way checked at once. Croup may need ipecac in small doses and certain other application, so as to remove inflammation of the throat at once and check the peculiar exudation, that follows inflammation. In many cases, a hot blanket bath is always safe and useful. It will always do a great deal toward palliating, if it does not cure the malady. In recent inflammation of the lungs or throat, no treatment is so effective as a warm blanket bath. It is always well for a young, inexperienced mother to avoid drugs of a harsh character, and resort to those that are mild and safe. We prefer those medicines that are homeopathic, so called, that can do no harm and often do a great deal of good.

It is an error to have recourse to medicine in the appearance of the slightest indications of disease. Many of the disturbances and diseases of infants are limited and need only good nursing; they may subside by keeping the skin in a warm and moist condition by daily sponging and moderate friction. In years past, we have seen cases of scarlatina, in which nothing else was done but giving good nursing, mild food and lemonade. The latter acts favorably upon the skin and aids in throwing freely out the usual eruption. The tendency of some mothers and even physicians of the old school, in this disease to depend too much on medicine. They are too apt to suppose that a severe attack of any malady requires severe treatment. This may sometimes be true, but not always.

We have seen severe cases of diphtheria and scarlatina in which powerful medicines did more harm than good. Some families yield readily to certain maladies and die, whether medicine is given or not. Some twenty-four years ago three children of one family died of scarlatina. They were in charge of a regular practitioner. Some ten years passed away, three other children were added to the circle. When between two and three years of age, they too had scarlatina. The parents, dissatisfied with the services of their former physician, re-olved to employ one of the homeopathic school. But they, too, died. This case illustrates a general truth, that some children will die in spite of all art can do. Every physician finds that teaching is a simple process in some families whilst in others it induces severe diseases and ultimately death. Lancing the gums always gives great relief and never does any harm. Often this is all that is needed. Possibly in a few cases, some medicine that may allay nervous irritation may be useful, lest convulsions should occur. If the infant has a hot and dry skin, sponging the surface, especially the head and spine, may give great aid to the other means of cure. For the same purpose the mother may give five to ten drops of the sweet spirits of nitrous ether in cold water slightly sweetened. If an infant's costive whilst teething, give half a teaspoonful of castor oil, or as much castoria. If it has diarrhoea, do not check it. When it becomes severe, when the fullness of the head, or when the fontanelles are convex, a moderate looseness of the bowels relieves the head. — *Dr. Allen, in Western Rural.*

## Value of Early Planting.

It can not be too often or with too much emphasis recalled to farmers' minds that it is the early crop which has far the greatest security of being the full crop. It is not because farmers do not know this fact themselves and know it much better than only observers from the towns and cities know it that it should be called to their attention, but because a word fitly spoken at the right time often induces action, quickens activity and excites emulation where mere routine would else have ruled. It is not once in ten times that a late crop has advantages over the early one. The other nine times it is certain the early planting is most productive. Droughts nearly always come late in the season, and if the corn is then not well advanced no amount of work will bring it out. If the season is wet the early planting may be cultivated at the very earliest day when the season permits, while the late crop is not yet up. Therefore every day in the early season is of especial value. Gala days, festivities, social reunions and all rural enjoyments which cost time may well be postponed till the crop is in. An hour taken from the very early morning or the twilight in the season of planting and preparation for planting will be worth a day at another time. Self-denial and redoubled energy in planting time are often the keys to prosperity. — *St. Louis Republic.*

Sam Houston said that some wandering Indians, famished and athirst, years ago, after days of wandering in the salt marsh of the Rio Grande, were about to lie down in despair and die, when they came upon a bluff overlooking the Colorado and exclaimed, "Tehasi! Tehasi!" their name for Paradise which finally came to be pronounced as we pronounce it to-day, Texas.

## Our Young Folks.

### THE KAISER'S QUESTIONS.

The Kaiser would go to the Orphanage, Upon a Summer day, And the children brailled their flaxen hair And tied it with ribbons gay. They tied it with ribbons pink and blue, And each wore her dress of white, And the Kaiser said he thought no man Could see a lovelier sight.

Then he took his plumed hat off his head, And they courtied to him low, He said: "God bless you, children dear, And make you in wisdom grow." He called to his side a blue-eyed girl (She was fair as a child could be), And he said: "Stand here, thou little one, And answer me questions three.

"This lily, so fair and white and sweet, To what kingdom does it belong?" "To the vegetable kingdom, sire," And her voice was like a song. "And this little toy of yours, so dainty?" (He showed her a mimic toy) And she looked up, with a smile, and said: "To the mineral kingdom, sire."

"Now tell me, my clever little maid, To what kingdom do I belong?" She thought of lions, of cows, and sheep, The animal, sure is wrong. "And how is it with your dress and dress?" (She was but a child of eleven), And said, with a still and solemn air: "I think—of the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Kaiser looked down, and then looked up, And his eyes were full of tears, He said: "In child of tender years, He felt as if by an angel taught; And his soul to its depths was stirred; So he left a royal largess there, For the little maiden's word."

— *Lord & Barn, in N. Y. Independent.*

### HOW NELLIE WON THE DAY.

Gray clouds drifted across the sky, and a chill wind, swept over the fields, and whistled round the corner of the old, red school-house; but the group of children, clustered about the door-step, noticed neither, so interested were they in some object that they were examining.

"It will be the greatest fun, alive!" exclaimed a large boy, in a muffler. "Indeed, it will!" assented a rosy-cheeked girl, whom her companion called Maggie.

"And how she will jump!" squeaked little Tommy Green, who had a cold in his head. "There comes Nellie Lawson," cried two or three, as a sweet-faced maiden emerged from the school-house; "let us tell her about it."

"What are you all talking and laughing about?" asked the new-comer; "can't I know the joke?" "Of course you can," said Maggie.

"Just see this rat, Ben Mott has caught," and the boy with the muffler swung a gray rat round by the tail. Nellie gave a half-suppressed scream, and then, seeing that the animal was dead, asked: "What are you going to do with it?"

"Why, to-morrow is the first of April," explained Ben, "and we intend to play a trick on that shabby Ruth Baker."

"She is dreadfully afraid of rats and mice," continued Maggie, "almost goes into a fit, at the sight of one—so we are going to do this fellow up in a nice parcel, and put it in her desk. She will think it is something Auntie Piper has sent her by Miss Allis, and it will be fun to see her scream when she opens it—don't you think so?"

"No, I don't!" responded Nellie, while her cheeks glowed, and her eyes flashed; "and I think it is mean to treat a poor girl like Ruth so. She is smarter than any of us, if she does wear patched clothes, and live in a tumble-down old shanty, and it might do her a great deal of harm."

"Nonsense!" shouted Ben angrily; for he had a grudge against Ruth for going above him in the spelling class. "You needn't preach to us, Nellie Lawson, and we shan't ask your consent to the trick."

"No, indeed!" said most of the group, who did not care to lose their sport. "And if you give Ruth a hint beforehand, we will have nothing more to do with you," added Maggie.

"I'm no tell-tale," answered Nellie, with some spirit, as she turned off down the road, leaving the mischievous youngsters to prepare this unkind surprise for their schoolmate.

That same afternoon, as Miss Allis, the school-teacher, was vending her way toward her boarding-place, at Auntie Piper's, she was overtaken by her pet pupil, Nellie Lawson, who, with her scarlet hood flapping back on her shoulders, and her hair streaming in the wind, came running down a side path to meet her. "Oh, Miss Allis," she panted, quite breathless, "I was so afraid I might miss you; and I want to ask a favor."

"What is it, Nellie?" inquired the teacher. "Only to lend me the school-house key until to-morrow morning, when I will be sure and bring it very early."

"But what can you want of it?" "It is a secret, Miss Allis; but, truly, I will do no harm."

The teacher smiled at the girl's earnestness, as she drew the key from her pocket, saying: "I think I can trust you, Nellie; but don't fail to be on hand in good season."

"Oh no, indeed! and thank you so very much!" and with a kiss, and a wise shake of her little head Nellie bade her teacher "good-bye," and started towards home.

The Widow Baker's home was a miserable place, the cold air pouring through the wide cracks in the boards, and laughing at the wee bit of fire on the hearth, that seemed too timid, even to crackle.

"This is a poor shelter," groaned Mrs. Baker; "but I fear we may even have less, for not a penny's rent have I paid for three months, and farmer Mott has threatened to turn us out."

So it was with a sad heart that Ruth started for school, trying to plan some means by which she could earn money, at least to keep starvation from the door. The scholars were all in their places when she entered. Opening her desk, she saw a package in one corner, and—not observing the boys nudging each other, and the girls giggling behind their "readers"—supposed Auntie Piper had kindly sent her a turnover, as she occasionally did. Carefully she untied the string, and unfolded the paper. Ben Mott stole up behind, and peeped over her shoulder, while the others watched eagerly. They were not disappointed, for the girl uttered a startled "Oh!" sat down suddenly, and covered her face with her hands; but

they were surprised, when, in place of the repulsive rat, they beheld a dainty lunch, neatly packed in a box, and on top a netted purse, through which might be seen the gleam of silver, while on a slip of paper were written the two words: "April-Fool."

"This is some of Nellie Lawson's work, I know!" exclaimed Ben, angrily; but none of the others echoed his tone, as they caught a sight of Ruth's grateful face, and Nellie said, softly: "Yes, I know I have rather turned the laugh against the school, but I am sure you will enjoy my joke more than the one that you planned, even if you have all been April-fooled!" and going to Ruth's side, pressed her to taste the good things, "for I know by your looks you need them," she whispered.

"Let me take some home to the children," begged the girl, and she explained, in a few words, the sad condition of her family.

The well-fed boys and girls instantly scattered in every direction, each tried to out-do the other in bringing forth their own lunch-baskets, sandwiches, biscuits, pies, cake, etc., to heap upon Ruth's desk, until there was much more than she could carry—and she fairly sobbed from excitement. Miss Allis, watching the proceedings, forgot to ring the bell until long after time.

That afternoon, as Mrs. Baker stood by the window, she uttered a cry of despair at the sight of Farmer Mott's wagon coming down the road. "For," she said to Peter, the oldest boy, "he has come to turn us out, and where we shall go, Heaven only knows!"

Sure enough, Mr. Mott soon appeared on the threshold. "See here," he shouted, "have you some money for me?" "N-n-no, sir!" stammered the poor widow—"but—"

"Well, that's all right, for it's April-fool's day; you know; but what do you mean by allowing any of my tenants to freeze and starve? Here is a cord of wood; don't you dare bring me any rent until that young man is old enough to earn it."

And with these words, the bluff farmer hurried off, leaving Mrs. Baker speechless. She was roused by the entrance of Ruth, followed by a procession of boys and girls, bearing baskets and pails, and who in a twinkling set to work, like a band of good fairies, making up a roaring fire, spreading the table, with Ben Mott, the leader of them all, while his face fairly beamed with satisfaction. Fun and jollity prevailed on all sides, and Nellie, hugging Ruth rapturously, exclaimed: "Isn't it just the loveliest April-fool that ever was heard of?"

As the twilight-shadows fell softly over the country-side, and the happy children—leaving the Bakers sitting by a cheerful fireside—wended their way to their own comfortable homes, Ben Mott whispered to Miss Allis: "Nellie Lawson's 'fooling' is worth twenty of my stupid rat tricks." — *Agnes Carr, in American Agriculturist.*

### Some "Crawling Leaves."

When Australia was first discovered by the English, as many strange stories were told about the wonderful things to be found there as we used to hear in the early days of California. Among other things it was said that the leaves of a certain tree had a habit of descending from their proper place and walking along the ground.

A party of English sailors had left their ship to roam along the coast and "see what they could see." They were resting under a tree, lying on their backs, probably, and naturally gazing upward, when a sudden breeze shook down a number of leaves, which turned somersaults in the air, after the manner of leaves generally, and then floated to the ground. The sailors were surprised at this shower, because it was not the fall of the year, but midsummer, and these falling leaves looked fresh and green. It was strange to see leaves descending the tree without any sort of reason; but this was nothing to what followed.

After a short rest these able-bodied leaves began crawling along on the ground toward the trunk of the tree from which they came, and the amazed sailors started up in terror. They probably knew from experience that people who come in contact with the ground may also expect to come in contact with various crawling insects, but walking leaves were something altogether out of the common way; and they took to their heels at once, and lost no time in getting on board the vessel. The land was certainly bewitched, and one of the men said, in relating their adventure, that he expected every minute to see the trees step out and dance a regular jig.

Fortunately this singular phenomenon has been fully explained by later travelers who were not too much frightened to stop and examine the matter. It was discovered that these queer leaves are really insects that live upon the trees, and are of the same color as the foliage. They have very thin, flat bodies, and their wings are like large leaves. When anything disturbs them—like a breeze, for instance—they fold their legs away under their bodies, and then the leaf-like shape, with stem and all, is complete.

Not only are they of a bright green in summer, like the foliage of the trees at that time, but they actually change when the leaves do to the dull brown produced by frost. Another peculiarity of these leaf-insects is that, although they have a generous supply of wings, they seldom use them, but when they have been shaken to the ground, after lying there for a few minutes as if they were really leaves, they crawl toward the tree, and ascend the trunk without seeming to know that they have the power of getting back to their quarters in a much quicker and easier way. — *Harper's Young People.*

The latest craze among fashionable English sports is insect shooting. They arm themselves with air-guns and pop beetles, bugs and flies. The Princess of Wales encourages them in it, as it saves pigeons and small birds.

—Rev. Dr. Dix, of Trinity, has introduced a new phrase. In alluding to the easy style of marriage and divorce in New England as "consecutive polygamy," he coined a phrase that is likely to live. — *N. Y. Sun.*

## Hear What One Member of the Profession Testifies Regarding the Scientific Preparation of a Brother Member.

Mr. Dawley has been in the drug business in the city of Providence twenty-five years as clerk and proprietor in good standing, and knows whereof he speaks. — *Ko.*

Dr. D. says: "Formerly I suffered, intensely at times, from indigestion, flatulency, and constipation. When first attacked I was confined to my bed and could not walk a step. I could not bear the weight of the bedclothes, so extraordinary was the agony I endured. I always noticed that before these attacks came on my kidneys were affected; before there would be any pain in my limbs or any swelling of joints or limbs, the color of the secretions from the kidneys would be very dark and the odor strong and feverish. The last attack was very severe, about five years ago, and I was confined to the house several weeks, and was unable to attend to business for three months. During the time I was confined at home and during the time of my convalescence I employed four of the best doctors that I could obtain, but none of them gave me permanent relief, for they did not go to work at the cause of the trouble. Having been acquainted with the proprietor of Hunt's Remedy a long time I was induced by him to give it a trial, hoping that it might reach the seat of the disease, and after taking one bottle I found myself very much improved, and after taking the second I was feeling better than I had after any previous attacks. During many months previous to taking Hunt's Remedy my hands and fingers would be much swollen and stiff every morning; my left side, in the region of stomach and spleen, was very sore and sensitive; at times I would be taken with severe cramps over the spleen, and be obliged to apply mustard or cayenne for temporary relief. I was very nervous and could not sleep; I was obliged to be very particular in my diet, and my physical system was sadly demoralized. Since I have taken Hunt's Remedy systematically all these things have changed; I have no swollen hands or limbs, no pains or cramps in the side, can eat all kinds of food, sleep soundly and get thoroughly rested, and my kidneys are active and perform their functions promptly, thus taking out of the system all the poisonous secretions which constitute the whole ailment where the kidneys do not act efficiently. My friends, what Hunt's Remedy has done for me it will do for all of you. Believe it to be the only sure cure for all diseases of the kidneys, liver and urinary system."

E. H. DAWLEY, 451 Broad Street.

What the great restorative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will do, must be gathered from what it has done. It has effected radical cures in thousands of cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, indigestion, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental depression, and the peculiar complaints and disabilities of women. From what it has done, it is so subject to, and so generally beneficial, that it is the only reliable and safe remedy for all these ailments.

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